Volume LXV CHICAGO, JUNE 2, 1910 Number 14

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

DECORATION

"Manibus O Date Lilia Plenis"

'Mid the flower-wreathed tombs I stand
Bearing lilies in my hand.
Comrades! in what soldier grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Is it he who sank to rest
With his colors round his breast?
Friendship makes his tomb a shrine;
Garlands veil it: ask not mine.

One low grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory;
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead,

Than are hid within this tomb
Where the untended grasses bloom;
And no stone, with feigned distress,
Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Heart of duty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfil,
Here lie buried,—here in peace
Wrongs and woes have found release.

Turning from my comrade's eyes,
Kneeling where a woman lies,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.

—*T. W. Higginson.*

CONTENTS

The Advance Guard—*John Hay* 211

EDITORIAL—

Notes 211

The Political Message of an Insurgent..... 214

The Tower Hill Summer School..... 218

THE PULPIT—

"The Girl I Left Behind Me." Annual Decoration Day Sermon—Jenkin Lloyd Jones..... 215

An Abalone Shell—*Grace McGowan Cooke*..... 219

THE FIELD—

Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 220

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

LaFayette
French Lick
West Baden Springs
Louisville

Convenient Station — New Modern Trains

These, as well as perfect service, good road beds and greatest safety, make the Monon the ideal road to use in going to these points. All trains start from the easily accessible Dearborn Station, Polk street, convenient to Chicago's business district and hotels. All Monon trains stop at 47th St. (Phone Yards 1582) and 63rd St. (Phone Went. 525). Two trains daily each way—day trains with parlor and dining cars—night trains with electric lighted sleeping cars. City Ticket Office, 182 Clark St., Phone Central 5487.

MONON ROUTE

Please say you saw it in Unity.

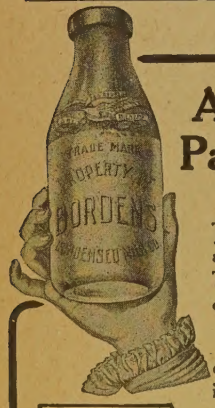
CREAMERIES:
Beecher, Ill.
Orland, Ill.
Goodings, Grove, Ill.

Dowd Pure Milk Co.

4326-34 WABASH AVE.
Phone Oakland 474

Milk and Cream of the highest grade bottled in the Country.

OUR MOTTO: Purity, Cleanliness and Efficient Delivery.



Are You Particular ???

The most important article of food is milk. The most important question is its purity.

Too much care cannot be exercised in the selection of the milkman who is to supply the family with milk.

Supreme for Quality

For over half a century we have given the production, preparation and distribution of milk the most careful study.

Our wagons pass your door every day.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
Tel. Central 4209 42 E. Madison St.

Chicago : Evanston : Oak Park : Maywood
Phones at all Branch Offices

Phone Douglas 1442
SCHUMANN & CO.
For
High-Grade Work and Prompt Deliveries
to do your
CLEANING
3954 Cottage Grove Ave.
Four Doors South of Drexel State Bank

The DREXEL LAUNDRY
3909 Langley Avenue, Chicago
TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 642
BEST POSSIBLE LAUNDRY SERVICE

The Gospel of the Farm

It is with much satisfaction that we are able to present to our subscribers a series of six sermons by Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, who is eminently able to harmonize religious teachings with proper farm practices.

1. Concerning Soil: Plowing.
2. Concerning Seeding: Sowing.
3. Concerning Weeds: Cultivation.
4. Road Making.
5. At the Horse Fair: Breeding.
6. The Harvest Field: Reaping.

We publish elsewhere in this issue the first sermon, "Concerning Soil: Plowing," and commend it most highly to our readers.

—From Hoard's Dairyman for January 25, 1910.
Published Weekly at Fort Atkinson, Wis.

1902 ONE WAGON 1908 12 WAGONS

Our Plant is the Best Equipped on the South Side

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of Laundry Work

PROMPT SERVICE OUR MOTTO

BISSELL LAUNDRY

231-233-235 39th Street Telephone Douglas 1003

Drexel State Bank of Chicago
CORNER OAKWOOD BOULEVARD and COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE
CAPITAL $200,000.00

The strong mark of confidence in this Institution is evidenced by its Nine Thousand satisfied depositors, due to its conservative management and uniform courtesy to all.

Three Per Cent Paid on Savings Deposits. Your Checking Account Invited.

An Old Established Bank for South-Siders

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1910. Number 14.

THE ADVANCE GUARD

There is no power in the gloom of hell
To quench those spirits' fire;
There is no power in the bliss of heaven
To bid them not aspire;
But somewhere in the eternal plan
That strength, that life survive,
And like the files on Lookout's crest,
Above death clouds they strive.

A chosen corps, they are marching on
In a wider field than ours;
Those bright battalions still fulfill
The scheme of the heavenly powers;
And high, brave thoughts float down to us,
The echoes of that far fight,
Like the flash of a distant picket's gun
Through the shades of the severing night.

No fear for them! In our lower field
Let us keep our arms unstained
That at last we be worthy to stand with them
On the shining heights they've gained.
We shall meet and greet in closing ranks
In Time's declining sun,
When the bugles of God shall sound recall
And the battle of life be won.

—*John Hay.*

The Department of Agriculture in a "Press Notice" calls attention to the advantages of concrete fence posts, which it says possess few of the disadvantages and practically all of the advantages of wood. Under ordinary circumstances concrete posts last forever and the first cost need not be much greater than that of wood. We leave our ministerial readers to make sermon uses of Farmers' Bulletin No. 403, which tells all about the making of permanent fence posts.

A teaching friend says concerning the coming vacation: "My best teacher friends are all getting degrees, and feel obliged to go to some place where the credits count toward their 'A. M.,' 'B. A.,' or what not?" This is one little sign of the times. Degrees seem to be more highly esteemed, and, in spite of the present boasts of free education, specialized studies seem to count more in the estimation of officials, at least, than ever before. Does a degree count so much? Is not this worth thinking about?

Frank G. Carpenter, special correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune,* writes interestingly of a revival of the Buddhist religion in the East, occasioned by what he seems to believe the authentic discovery of the ashes of the great Renunciant. He says, "There is no doubt as to the authenticity of the relics; they were found by the archaeological department of the British government; they were discovered through investigations made by ancient writings which described their existence; they were found buried in a chamber near Pashawar in a bronze casket inside of a crystal box." The guileless faith of this newspaper correspondent is touching, but even if the story is true the ashes of a prophet is a poor basis for a religious revival. Buddhism has other claims for renewed life and other sources of inspiration.

A certain man was recently fined one hundred dollars and costs for driving his own cattle out of his own county in Georgia into an adjoining county in Tennessee, simply because these cattle belonged in a territory where some other cattle were inflicted with the ticks that convey the Texas Cattle Fever, and the Agricultural Department at Washington had quarantined the afflicted region. We commend this case to the study of the champions of personal liberty in cities, who are so distressed over "lids," and believe that the "wide open" towns, where a man may debauch his neighbor, bring about the disgrace of his daughter, and reduce his wife to rags, should be guarded. In this way only can a man's "rights" be vouchsafed. The liberty to do wrong does not seem to liberate either the individual or the community very effectively.

We are in receipt of a mysterious pamphlet printed in quaint characters perpendicularly arranged, and quite beyond our comprehension; but some kindly hand has translated the title page, which reads thus: "The Gold Dust of Theodore Parker's Speeches"; "Translated by Saichiro Kanda, Published by Japan Unitarian Association," ("One of Unity Tracts of Chicago"). On the second page of the cover we read that "This is specially published for the commemoration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth and the fiftieth of the death of Theodore Parker, on the 10th of May, 1910." Slowly but surely Theodore Parker is coming to his own. After fifty years, his message, still virile and needed, has made the passage of the Pacific and is finding an audience in the flowery kingdom of Japan. Let us hope that the message will find unsophisticated ears that will heed the prophet's warning, rise to the prophet's denunciation of sin, and feel with the prophet the blight of the sinful.

It is none too early to call attention to the article in the American *Review of Reviews* for June on "The Modern Moloch," which is a study of the "annual Fourth of July killing." It tells us that in New York alone in the last three years, 13,039 have been killed and injured,—more than in seven of the great battles of the Revolutionary war,—and the facts are the more gruesome when we learn that the victims are largely children and not men. The journal of the American Medical Association shows that in the six preceding years the whole country has sacrificed 29,296 killed and wounded in their Fourth of July celebrations. In 1903 there were 415 cases of Tetanus alone; in 1909 there were 1,095 wounds from blank cartridges; and they show further that a higher percentage of blank cartridge wounds prove fatal than gun-shot wounds. The blank cartridge is responsible for more than sixty per cent of the Tetanus cases. Reader, what are you going to do about it? All this is a part of the foolish entailment of the war spirit, the barbaric association of noise and physical danger with courage. There is a point where foolishness passes into wickedness.

Forty by one hundred and fifty feet of ground makes a farm for the vacant-lot farmers in Chicago, and the superintendent of the City Gardens Association has laid out a model crop for this farm, viz., ten rows of potatoes, four rows of tomatoes, with rows of lettuce and radishes in between,—they get out of the way of the tomato plants,—six rows of cabbages, five rows of sweet corn, four rows of peas, four rows of beans, five rows of onions. These "farmers" pay a dollar and a half rent for this eighth of an acre, which is high rent for farm lands in Wisconsin, and they are making money, the farms yielding an average income to the thrifty tillers, who are numbered by the hundreds, of $31.25 a farm. Four hundred families in the neighborhood of the Harvester works are to have farms of this description this year. The Western Electric gardens cover twenty acres. Three acres in the neighborhood of Fortieth street and Langley avenue represent a part of the plat that is being farmed under the superintendence and direction of the Abraham Lincoln Centre. Of course the original owners of the land donate the ground. Most of the work of superintendence is volunteer. This whole city garden industry is carried on with a fund of about twenty-four hundred dollars a year. This is intensive farming, whether we think of vegetables or of health, onions or character, happy children or sober and sobering fathers.

Another Decoration Day has come and gone. Once more the old "Boys" have been marshaled into line and with reverent, though in the main alert and vigorous step, have marched among the graves. In Chicago there has been an added touch of thoughtfulness, dignity, and tender pathos in the fact, graciously recognized, that the "marching days" of many were over. The procession was lengthened by a line of automobiles gallantly loaned for the use of the old "Boys." It has been convenient for the Senior Editor of UNITY to say his memorial word in other than editorial form, and it will be found in another column. We are glad to see the suggestion coming from Massachusetts, which UNITY urged many years ago, that Memorial Day, instead of being a fixed holiday on the 30th of May, should be made, by common consent, a fixed holy-day to be celebrated on the last Sunday of every May. In this way can the sanctities of the occasion and the patriotic intent be best conserved. This Sunday celebration would then be well begun in the churches of the land in the morning and would naturally overflow into the beautiful communion of flowers in the cities of the dead. We hope that while the Grand Army of the Republic organization is still virile and potent, it will take the initiative in this natural and beautiful transition. Let us have a MEMORIAL SUNDAY and eliminate from this solemn and sweet festival of heroism the boisterous, flippant, and at other times innocent playfulness and strenuosity of an American holiday.

We are glad that Ray Stannard Baker's searching articles in the *American Magazine* have been gathered in book form (Frederick A. Stokes & Company). This volume will constitute not pleasant but profitable reading to the preachers of America. They will find little justification of the soothing syrup kind of preaching that fosters the complacency of and rests Sunday worshipers by carrying them far away from the noise and the tumult and the strain of life, and further justify this obsession from the world with the assurance that thereby they have journeyed Godward and have taken refuge in the bosom of the Infinite. The editor of *Current Literature* for June, in a two-page estimate of the book, says concerning Mr. Baker's study of the Trinity Church case in New York:

> Whatever may be said or thought in connection with the Trinity Church controversy, one fact stands out crystal clear. Trinity has *followed, not led, the moral sentiment of the community.* Its income, as every one knows, is largely drawn from tenement property, but when, in 1887, a law was passed requiring that running water should be furnished on each floor of the tenement houses, the church fought the new ordinance in the courts. The legal battle lasted eight years, and in the end the church was defeated. It had to be literally coerced into treating its tenants fairly.

The editor quotes the dying words of Dr. George C. Lorimer, the vital Baptist preacher: "Religion is today of very low vitality." Mr. Baker's remedy for the low ebb of religion and the sub-normal vitality of the churches is a renewed emphasis upon two main ideas, viz., individual regeneration and social reconstruction.

A magazine reading of Mr. Baker's studies is inadequate; it is a volume not alone for clerical readers; we commend its careful study to church officials, trustees, presidents of women's "sewing societies," "alliances," and Sunday-school teachers.

Current Literature for June gives a four-column study of Mr. Gannett's "The Abdication of the Parent," which first appeared in an editorial in the pages of UNITY for April 14, 1910, and has since been issued as UNITY "REPRINT NUMBER 1." The article quotes freely from Mr. Gannett and the editorial comment upon Mr. Gannett's article in the *New York Independent,* upon which the editorial of *Current Literature* reflects this paradox:

> The abdication of parental responsibility is accompanied by increasing interest in fads of "child study," "child-science," "child protection," "child legislation," and "child welfare" in general. There are bills in Congress to create a "Children's Bureau" as a department of the Federal Government. All this, however, may be regarded as appropriate in our "land of contrasts." It "goes" in an age in which we are only too ready to hand over our lives to experts, and to assume that kindergartners, teachers, club-organizers and summer camp caretakers can bring up our children much better than we ourselves can look after them.

The *Independent* says:

> We confess to an old fashioned prejudice in favor of that view of the matter which Mr. Gannett takes. We don't quite like the idea that it is desirable to get the children 'out of the house,' along with spinning, shoemaking, baking and the laundry business. We admit that plausible reasons can be urged for ejecting the industries, but we have a certain shrinking from disposing of children in the same way. It occurs to us that we have seen of late some sobering confessions in th medical journals that, notwithstanding all their science, their aseptic and antiseptic precautions, their expert nursing and costly devices, the doctors have not been able greatly to reduce the high death rates in foundling and orphan asylums, and that they see no prospect of being able to reduce them even to the level of the death rates in the wretched homes of crowded tenement districts, where there is at least some mother-care and miscellaneous family attention. We can't help thinking that 'the start in life' that a child got in an old-time group of brothers and sisters quickened its perceptive faculties and its motor centers quite as well as a kindergarten awakens them, and we venture to doubt whether any real substitute has yet been found for the moral training which a child gets from even an 'ordinary' father or mother.

Perhaps the fact that *Current Literature* and the *Independent* have taken note of Mr. Gannett's words may induce more of UNITY'S readers to send for the UNITY Reprint in blocks for distribution, where they will do good. It is a message to any father and mother and to all preachers. See advertisement in another column.

The Editor of UNITY is in receipt of one of those seductive circular letters from an officer in charge of a navy-recruiting station in the West. The letter-head, illuminated with a battle ship, declares the United States Navy to be "the best paid, and the best fed military service on earth," offering "the best opportunity for advancement." The purring, confidential tone of the circular letter is of the insinuating and seductive kind most often met with in the advances of the subscription book agent, or, better yet, the makers of household remedies and infallible cures. As an interesting example of a certain type of correspondence, we print the letter in full, omitting the signature and the official head. Here it is:

> Referring to my letter of about four weeks ago, in which I enclosed blanks, requesting you to furnish names and addresses of respectable, healthy young men who are probably over seventeen years old:
>
> I appreciate the fact that you are extremely busy on account of the heavy mails, but I ask your co-operation in giving the matter your attention as soon as you conveniently can.
>
> Should you have felt any hesitation in sending names through unwillingness to assume the responsibility of recommending young men in your neighborhood, please understand that I feel that you are in no way, personally or officially, standing sponsor for, or recommending these men. The widest possible publicity is sought by the Navy Department, and it is hoped that you will send as many names as possible.
>
> Should the letter have miscarried, or should you have misplaced it or the blanks, I will send you another supply, if you will advise me on the enclosed penalty postal card.
>
> I also enclose a return penalty envelope for the blanks when filled. Kindly acknowledge receipt of this communication on postal enclosed.
>
> Thanking you in advance for co-operating with a branch of the Government we are both serving and in which, I feel safe in saying, you take a keen and patriotic interest, etc.

Having given publicity to the letter, we might as well answer it in the same open fashion. The answer would be something like this:

> Dear Sir:—I know many "respectable, healthy young men who are over seventeen years of age," but I must beg to be excused from furnishing their names to you, because as one interested in their future welfare and that of our common country, I could not advise them to enter the navy or any other military service in time of peace. This country is too full of splendid chances in civic life. The rewards for activities on the lines of peace and creative industry are so numerous and so much more attractive than the "cribbed and cabin'd" life of a soldier either on sea or on land, that I should think it a calamity for any young man with an ordered life and normal powers to divert his energies on lines which seem to me so unprofitable. We have too many lives already devoted to the arts of war, which are destructive of life and property when applied, and which at least are nonproductive in times of peace. I believe that with the growth of intelligence and public spirit it will be harder and harder to find desirable young men who will engage in the obsolete or obsolescent activities of war, which is itself a regrettable survival of a barbaric ancestry and mediaeval state-craft. I believe also that should emergency arise when the call for soldiers is inevitable, the number of young men ready for such emergency would always be equal to the need and even for war purposes the best preparation is in the field, not in the camp of Mars. I mean no disrespect to you personally, or to the uniform you wear. I am yours in patriotic interest, but I would serve the flag in a very different way. The diligence with which you seek to promote peace by getting ready for war, I would use in disseminating the principles of disarmament. Very respectfully yours for Old Glory.

UNITY is not oblivious to the humiliating political situation in Illinois. Pending the decision of the courts and the investigation of the senate, which ought to be prompt and thorough, our readers can well suspend their judgment concerning the specific charges of high-handed bribery and the humiliating situation of Senator Lorimer. At the very moment when he was delivering his belated defense, which was chiefly a fervid denunciation of the *Chicago Tribune* and of his own political colleagues in the republican party, once his "partners" with whom he was glad to associate and who at a painfully recent

date were often seen arm in arm with him,—another and a still more startling confession was being made by a down state member of the legislature. But the intelligent and right-minded citizens of Illinois do not need to wait for the decision of the courts before they conclude upon the unfitness of the accused to a seat in the senate. It is an old cry in Chicago, "Where did you get it?" Years ago Chicago spewed Lorimer, with other noxious bosses, out of its mouth, and he and some of his "pals" rehabilitated themselves into lucrative positions,—not by virtue of regenerated lives or nobler service, not because they demonstrated their fitness for high responsibility, not because they were in league with civic righteousness and public service, but because—because——; but no one not in the "political push" and "pull," no one not acquainted with the underground wires, the schemings and the unrighteous pollution enacted behind the scenes, can ever tell the "because." This disgrace is all the more painful because "Billy" Lorimer and some of his successful colleagues in underground politics and back yard campaignings, in his personal habits is a clean and commendable man. He deserves the love and trust of a good woman and of promising children. Neither he nor his friends can mask behind the apologies that go with a dissipated man, the victim of brutal passions. His degradation is more profound than that which comes from the saloon, consequently the remedy for it is more difficult and must go deeper. If these specific crimes against the state and special investigations shall help develop a wholesome public sentiment that will judge a man by his general record and retire from public life the self-seeker, the prostituter of public confidences, we may well be reconciled to the painful spectacle and the humiliating disgraces. America is prompt to respect the man who rises from obscure beginnings to public fame. The tow path of a canal, the raft-man's oar, and the woodman's ax have been honorable assets in the lives of eminent men. To have been a street car conductor on Halsted street in Chicago might have been a splendid asset to a senator from Illinois, but when the street car conductor while still a comparatively young man passes out of the meager income up through a palatial residence, with the accompanying costly retinue, to be the president of what is proudly announced as a "system of banks," without any visible industry back of him except politics, without ever having demonstrated his capacity as a "captain of industry" or a "master of finances," and when, further, it is noticed that some of the associated "financiers" named and much of the talent employed now in defense of the incriminated, are notable, not to say notorious, politicians, the misgivings become more intense. We blush for Illinois; we are sorry for Lorimer and all those who, having yielded to the seductions of selfish politics, are found in such a predicament. Let us hope that the fundamental inspirations of democracy and the power that "maketh the wrath of men to praise him" may convert this humiliation into a triumph of honesty and honor and that thereby Illinois may "rise on stepping stones of its dead self to higher things."

The Political Message of an Insurgent

UNITY has already expressed its delight and interest in the proposed candidacy of William Kent for a seat in the house of representatives from the California district in which he now has residence. With characteristic frankness and straightforward clearness, Mr. Kent, in the *San Francisco Call* of May 25, states his political creed, which is good reading anywhere, and is as worthy a place in the columns of a religious paper committed to independency and civic righteousness as in the columns of a daily newspaper, so we gladly give room for these utterances of our whilom Associate Editor.

I do not believe that present artificial conditions permit a fair sharing of our country's opportunities. I believe that the Roosevelt-Pinchot policies of conservation of our natural resources against waste and greed are the most necessary, insistent and immediate policies for our nation to enforce by legislation and administrative action. All our experience would prove that the law is not rigid but flexible, and that the interpretation of the law depends upon the animus of the interpreter. As the obvious intent of and only excuse for the law is to 'promote the general welfare,' I cannot indorse the policy of stretching it to promote private interests against the general welfare. Laws should be passed concerning the public domain that cannot be misconstrued by agents of greedy persons or corporations, whether these agents be in or out of public employment.

It would seem obvious that congress, as a self-respecting body, should provide its own rules and methods of procedure, and should be free from domination by the speaker. When that domination is exercised against the public interest it becomes doubly intolerable. If elected I shall not vote for Joseph Cannon for speaker or for any man who holds his views of parliamentary organization or national policy.

The Aldrich-Payne tariff law is, in my opinion, a violation of sound economics and the republican platform. The burden is distributed in such a way as to increase the gap between wealth and need. No tariff bill should emanate from the counsels of its beneficiaries, but should be the product of a board of disinterested experts granted fullest powers and facilities.

"Log-rolling" is the most insiduous form of corruption. If elected I should consider that I held a commission from my district to do my best for the whole nation. What just and proper special service could be rendered the district with this proviso, I should be dilligent in seeking to perform. This is not a district that would ask its representative to betray the nation for a chance at the 'pork barrel.'

Corporations are granted corporate privileges that they may serve the general welfare. With increasing power they require more and more control. It is monstrous to suppose that, escaping moral responsibility, they should partake of the freeman's political rights. If to run the government or to attempt to run it is a part of their 'business,' it is time that such 'business' should be disturbed.

It is beyond question that the strength of the republican party grew out of the ideals of human service held by the founders and by Abraham Lincoln. Such portion of the party as has entered into the service of special privilege is false to the party's traditions and has no right to assume the name.

THE PULPIT

"The Girl I Left Behind Me": Annual Decoration Day Sermon

PREACHED IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, MAY 29, 1910, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES

With the Woman's Relief Corps of Illinois as Honored Guests

Old Colonel Matthias, of the "Fifeth Iowa," as he used lovingly to call his regiment, was one of those splendid German-Americans who brought such prompt skill and efficient training into the service of the Union as at once to internationalize the spirit and obliterate the superficial barriers of language and of birth in the Union Army. He was of the household of Carl Schurz, Franz Sigel and hundreds of others; martial in bearing, indomitable in spirit, gruff in manner, but tender as a woman. He led the charging column at Corinth with waving sword and with a cheer, but when the bloody business next day was over, he returned to the field, and, dismounting, fell broken in a heap beside a fallen tree, sobbing like a woman over his poor boys that lay unburied about him.

He believed in the ministry of music, and when the severities of the march, the ravages of battle and disease had demoralized the musical organization of nearly all the regiments in the swift-moving columns of Grant's army, Colonel Matthias managed to keep his drum corps intact; somewhere he kept a few fifes and drums within reach, and seldom was the day's march so severe but that his regiment came into camp with the boys playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Whether hungry, in front of the enemy, in the careless demoralization after the battle, or the relaxation after the strenuous campaign, so long as the old Iowa Colonel was in command of regiment or brigade, there was music, whether we broke or came into camp, at parade or moving into line, and his favorite tune was that of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

I have not sufficient knowledge of music to speak of the merits of the tune; I think there must be an element of brilliancy in the composition that would command the admiration of the trained ear; but, speaking out of a soldier boy's memory, I am glad at this distance to testify to the subtle charm and spiritual inspiration of that composition which places it at the head of the melodies that kept the boys in step and their hearts in tune.

And now this grizzled veteran is glad to confess on this Memorial Day occasion that the strains of the music to which we have just listened reach a little deeper and touch chords a little more tender in the memory-laden heart than can be reached by the roystering "Marching through Georgia," or even by the stirring call of "John Brown's soul" that "goes marching on." How much of this is owing to the winsome music and how much to the chivalric title I will not undertake to say, but certainly this old song is a fitting introduction to my memorial word to the women of the war.

I was pained this week when, in response to a test inquiry in a group of intelligent and grown-up women, it was found that to the larger number of them the title of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" carried no musical recollection; they did not know it; they probably had heard it but had never distinguished it. I grieve for those who know not the subtle charm of the winsome music that ever comes to me like the song which the "piper's son" played from "over the hills and far away." But I grieve more for those, the men and women of today, who have only the page of history, the too-much neglected annals of what is now largely the traditions of a war of a generation gone, by which to measure the mighty potency of womanhood, to learn of the unexpected resources, the abundant courage, the more than masculine valor of spirit and endurance of body which constitute the largely undeveloped and altogether unconscious resources of womanhood.

In March, 1864, the patient Lincoln said:

> I am not accustomed to the use of language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say that, if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. I will close by saying, God bless the women of America!

Of course in thinking of the women of the war the imagination first marshals the great line of those who did not stay behind but, with an alacrity that rivaled the most impetuous and bravest of the men, rushed to the front, not with flying banners and fragrant bouquets, to cheer and to adore, but, robed in serviceable calico, with their bandages and their lints, and, what was still better, with their sauce-pans and their bake-ovens, to nurse those mangled on the battlefield and broken by the more cruel shafts of disease and discouragement.

Miss Ida Tarbell, in the April *American,* in her article on "How the American Women Met the Experiences of War," gives us graphic sketches of the more prominent women who rushed to the front, not madly but wisely, and how they pieced out in hospital and camp the inefficiencies of the men.

Dorothea Dix, already sixty years of age, at the end of twenty years of tireless campaignings in the interest of the insane, the defective, the blind, she who had already revolutionized the asylums of America, she who had converted several southern state legislatures to the more humane treatment of the defective and dependent whites, saw clearly the next thing to do and, three hours after the attack on the troops by the Baltimore mob on the 19th of April, she was on the train for Washington, reaching there on the last train that left Baltimore. She offered herself "and other nurses" to the Surgeon General for free services, and was promptly accepted. The Secretary of War as promptly appointed her superintendent of women nurses, not only to have charge but to have the appointment of all nurses in all the general military hospitals of the government. This woman, whom Ida Tarbell characterizes as "one with a passion for efficiency, a burning contempt for selfishness, vanity, and self-seeking," became a splendid asset to the surgeon's department; one who, to quote further from Miss Tarbell, "never spared herself and she spared no one else"; a woman who was in as "incessant a conflict with the neglect and inefficiency as Secretary Stanton

himself." She was the first of many captains in the army of helpfulness and healing to make herself unpopular with "careless surgeons and brutal officers"; to win for herself the reputation of severity from the understrappers in the line, but the undying gratitude of the great leaders, and the affection of the sick and the wounded, upon whom she bestowed a wealth of womanly tenderness. Miss Dix was a born captain; she had in her the material for a major general, had she been a man. Miss Tarbell says it is now quite clear that it was Miss Dix who first convinced the authorities that there was a concerted effort on the part of the rebellious forces in Baltimore and Washington to intercept the President-elect, prevent his inauguration and take possession of Washington in the name of the Confederacy. It was Miss Dix's presentation of the facts that led the railroad managers to quietly smuggle the President-elect ahead of time and, to the relief of the anxious North and the chagrin of the plotting South, deliver him safe and sound in Washington, twenty-four or more hours ahead of the schedule time.

It is not my purpose at this time to speak of the women at the front, though it is hard for an old soldier, one of Mother Bickerdyke's boys, one who was wooed back to life by her hand, as vigorous as it was tender, not to dwell upon the splendid revelation of the divine in the human found in the women at the front.

We have but recently done honor in this place to Clara Barton, who was a free lance at the front; the first, perhaps, to put into practice the universalism which was her father's faith and her own inspiration, by ignoring even the distinction of the battle-line, recognizing only the humanity of the sufferer. Union man and Confederate, Rebel and Loyalist, were one to her. It was on the battle fields of our war that she demonstrated not only the piety but the wisdom, not only the religiousness but the economy and the humanity of neutralizing the non-combatants, until at last by an international combination she made the red cross the highest symbol of the Christianity of the Christ, the religion of the anointed Nazarene, the orthodoxy of the good Samaritan who poured oil upon the wounds of an alien, cared for an enemy, bore the representative of a hated race upon his ass, placed him in an inn and provided for his needs.

But Dorothea Dix and Clara Barton do not stand alone. The world now knows and loves to remember how Louisa Alcott left her teaching and her sewing in Concord, Massachusetts, the retreat of the philosophers; how Mary A. Livermore left her editorial chair in Chicago, and how Mary A. Bickerdyke left her wash-tub and her darning in Galesburg, Illinois, and rushed to the front to nurse; how Julia Ward Howe read the fiery gospel and converted it into inspiration as she saw the camp-fires around Washington; how Anna Dickinson, a mere girl, left the mint in Washington and mounted the stump, turning the tide of political feeling into patriotic channels, and how Mary Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton), made recruiting stations of the columns of the *Independent* and the pages of the *Atlantic*.

But these women, whose names have found places on the pages of history, were not the greatest heroines; they were not in the minds of the boys when they sang "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Louisa Alcott, in her journal, describes the final breaking of the ties. She said:

> We had all been full of courage until the last moment came, then we all broke down. I had realized that I had taken my life in my hands and might never see them all again. I said,
>
> "Shall I stay, mother?" as I hugged her close.
>
> "No, go, and the Lord be with you!" said the Spartan mother, and until I turned the corner she bravely smiled and from the door step waved her wet handkerchief.

It was the women who waved the wet handkerchiefs, the mothers who said, "Go, my son, your country needs you!" who were the greatest heroines of the war. There is a mad inspiration at the battle front, with the flying banners, the call from the brazen throats of trumpets, the intoxicating encouragement of the drums, the rivalry of recklessness, the consciousness of being in the limelight,—and that not only comrades and commanders are watching, but that the Recording Angel of history is waiting to see what will be done. The hope of promotion, aye, the very cowardice which learns to know that it is often safer to face the front than to turn back and run,—all enter into the valor of the battlefield.

But for the girl that was left at home, the slip of a sister, the weary mother, with no name upon which to hang the honor that goes with valorous deeds, no cheering line, no inspiring leader to help the flagging, —they must draw their courage from profounder depths, and, in the eye of the All-Seeing One, their heroism must place them always at the head of the line.

"Oh, it is hard for a girl to be noble when no one believes in her capacity for nobleness," was the exclamation of Esther Lyon in George Eliot's story of Felix Holt.

My mind flies back to a Wisconsin rallying picnic in '61, when the boys from Lone Rock were to meet in picnic the squad from Prairie du Sac, eighteen miles distant. They were to meet on middle ground, meet and shake hands, to be comrades in what was to be the Buena Vista battery of flying artillery, so called because he who had the Captain's commission had been a corporal in the Buena Vista battle in the Mexican war. The recruiting tent was pitched, the flag was flying from the improvised pole, an amateur drum corps was dispensing lively music. Farm wagons, loaded with men, women and children, were coming from all directions; the threshing machine was silent beside the half-threshed stack; the hay stack in the meadow was left unfinished; everybody was at the picnic. Early in the day it was noticeable that husbands and wives stayed close together; fathers carried the little ones with unusual tenderness; boys and girls unsuspected of tender feelings walked boldly arm in arm. Early in the afternoon the recruiting tent became the center of intense interest; without noise and without consultation, the pathos of the situation was cumulative. "Will Jones has enlisted," and his wife is in tears; "Bill Brown has enlisted," and his girl has kissed him. So the roll grew; perhaps a score of recruits that afternoon, and the farm wagons that were driven by men in the morning were driven home by women; the cows that were milked by the boys in the morning were milked by the girls in the evening.

These sons, husbands and brothers went for a time at least into the gala day life of camp with new uniforms, the excitement of the drill, the enthusiasm of numbers, the opportunity to run home on a flying furlough in the new uniform. But wives and daughters,

the girls they left behind, from that picnic afternoon took up the double tasks of father and mother, of hired man and hired girl. The work in the pantry and milk house grew no less, but there was added thereto the work in the barn and the field. All this while they were to send words of love and cheer to the front. All this while they were victims of their enkindled imaginations made vivid by love's forlornity. All this while the hands of women were being hardened by the handles of the plow; their limbs were getting stiffened by the drudgery of the field; they were members of the unenlisted, unenrolled reserve corps, the army back of the army; and this army achieved deeds of heroism unparalleled at the front. The girl that was left behind was a woman when "Johnny came marching home"; the young wife was aged when the veteran returned, and, marvelous to relate, in thousands of cases, there were more acres under the plow than when the plowman left; there were more pigs to be marketed, more calves had been raised; the mortgage had actually grown less if not entirely wiped out by these women farmers while the boys were at the front. All this while, with the added labor of plowing and hoeing, of feeding and grooming, such as belong to the barn and the field, these women found time to pick lint, to make bandages, to send train-loads of canned fruit and other hospital delicacies to the front.

"Spent our May Day working for our men; three hundred women all sewing together at the Hall for two days," is an entry in Louisa Alcott's journal for May, 1862, concerning the women in the little village of Concord, Massachusetts. In October of the same year we read, "Sewing bees and lint picks for our boys keep us busy." The next entry says, "War news bad. Anxious faces, beating hearts, busy minds."

This is but a hint of the superlative industry that characterized thousands upon thousands of hamlets, country sides, far away communities, in the clearings of Michigan, on the prairies of Illinois, and among the bluffs of Wisconsin. Out of this inspired industrial age woman began to discover what she was good for, how much she could do, and how easily it could be done. The government hesitated long before venturing the experiment of arming the freedmen. "Could the black man be trusted with a gun?" "Could he be taught to use it?" "Learning how, would he have courage enough to apply the knowledge?"

Meanwhile, without asking the consent of the government, and, let us confess with humility, without government recognition even to this day, the women, enslaved by a thousand tyrannical conventions, women, who, industrially, were largely unpaid slaves, without the encouragement of the government or the protection and direction of enlisted men, stepped to the front, went to work, and did what the men could not do, under difficulties that the men would not face.

The war emancipated the colored slave, that is a matter of history and of statistics; but the war emancipated a larger host from a servitude more dire; it made woman, to a degree, master of her own life, shaper of her own destiny.

At the end of six weeks' gruesome hospital experiences, Louisa Alcott was carried home, where for weeks she lay between life and death, tossing in the delirium of typhoid pneumonia. She had never seen a sick day when she went South; she never saw a well day after her return. For her six weeks' nursing she received ten dollars, but publishers vied with one another for her "Hospital Sketches," which brought her many hundreds of dollars, made her famous, and opened up a marvelous career of usefulness and profit.

The war introduced women to themselves, showed them what manner of stuff they were made of, and gave to the world a new type of womanhood not to be permanently debilitated by the luxuries and the dissipation that so exhaust the successors of the women of '61-'65, with doing things that are not worth doing, burning life's candle in the exhaustive dissipations, the foolish hurries and passing shows of today.

Turn again to Ida Tarbell's article on "The American Woman During the War." Read the call signed by ninety-one of the best known names in the history of New York City; of the big gathering that followed, in which was organized "The Woman's Central Association of Relief." This association, splendidly feminine, was not so narrow but that it called men into co-operation. Its general officers were all men and its board of managers was made up of twelve men and twelve women. At the end of the war there were seven thousand such aid societies to the Sanitary Commission; they had raised, Miss Tarbell says, over fifteen million dollars; they had trained a national body of women for efficient team-work.

Here is an achievement of the war too little dwelt upon because "the girl I left behind me" has been too much neglected; the old soldiers have been guilty of gross ingratitude by withholding their laurels from the "bravest of the brave," whom Thomas Wentworth Higginson has so well celebrated in his Decoration Day song.

Over 2,200,000 men went to the front, leaving their girls behind them. Over 360,000 of them never returned, leaving widowed women with brave names to honor and the more sadly widowed women to mourn with maidenly reserve unwedded lovers.

The women's activities during the war raised over fifteen million dollars for the Sanitary Commission and similar benefactions. The sanitary efforts, in the autumn of 1863, beginning in Chicago and sweeping eastward, netted three million dollars. Miss Tarbell tells the story of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, who sold a kiss to a sailor for five dollars, all for the soldier's sake; who gave her own fortune of fifty thousand dollars, her home and her time, to the cause of the soldier. Her house became the head-quarters for supplies. It is said that throughout the war she never missed a day from her post, never bought a new gown, and usually walked to and from her office to save cab-hire. Tomorrow I am sure the old boys in Boston will find out Mrs. Otis's grave and will lay upon it a memorial wreath.

It is hard for me to hold my subject at arm's length. I cannot bring to the service of the women left behind a historian's pen; I cannot compose a poem fitting to the music of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," but it carries me back to those awful days of marching and of raiding. I live again the breaking of the home ties; again I tear myself from the arms of mother and sisters; I accept again the frank kisses of school girl friends; I land once more at the old Kinzie street depot of the Northwestern railway and see Chicago for the first time; we march, an awkward squad in citizen's clothes, under the lead of as awkward a recruiting agent, east on Lake street and south to the old

Illinois Central station at the foot of Randolph street. There I found a blooming, busy throng of Chicago women, ready to serve an early morning breakfast to the squads that came from various depots. It has been a disappointment to me that I have never been able to identify any of the radiant faces that served us that morning. For many years I felt as though I certainly could identify them if ever I met them again, but with all my acquaintance with lovely women in Chicago and for all the radiant faces that have beamed upon me in glad comradeship and cordial co-operation, I have never seen faces quite so radiant, eyes so bright, or heard voices so gentle and so musical as those of the women who served coffee, sandwiches and doughnuts to the homesick recruits on their way to the front.

Seven days after I enlisted I was in front of the enemy in citizen's clothes, in Mississippi. When the battle of Corinth came, a few weeks after, I was a limp invalid lying helpless at the root of a big tree. The fever had left me but strength had not come, and I watched the blazing shells over me and heard the whistling minie balls hunting for me. And when the storm had passed, the mangled, the bleeding and the dying were gathered around me in the great gruesome field hospital, where I must watch the beneficent mission of nurses but could not help. In the midst of this picture of woe, more terrible to me in the perspective of years than it was then, there stands the radiant figure of a young woman, gracious in bearing, beautiful in dress; somebody said she was a surgeon's bride. She flitted back and forth with here a word and there a touch, and as she passed by she left in my hand a rosy apple, so rosy, so fragrant! I have seen the best of the Hood River apples but never one quite so red, never one quite so fragrant. I cannot speak of the flavor, for I found that there was not strength enough in my jaws to bite into it. But that woman stands in my mind still as a splendid anti-climax to the horrible situation.

War from first to last is a crime against humanity. It is the Devil's task imposed upon the ignorant; it is the survival of the lion's claws, the tiger's teeth, the serpent's fangs, which it is the business of man to eliminate, to leave behind, like the other outgrown appurtenances and appendages of brutal life.

War is a survival of barbarism, and its very chivalry is over-estimated. It is a gilding of human nature, and the heroism of the battle field is cheap compared with that higher heroism of the fireside. Even the war whose heroes we commemorate today was but the wrong way of doing a good thing, the sad alternative which ought to have been avoideed. God grant that it may never return!

And may this prayer be more than a bit of Decoration Day rhetoric breathed into the air, where the ear of the Eternal is not. Let it be a movement of mind, a gesture of the will, an expression of conscience, at the center of which is the listening God.

We can be true to the girl who was left behind only by systematically, scientifically and religiously setting our faces against the mock glories of war, denying the fascinations of the camp, ridiculing the ostentation of the parade, calling things by their right names, using the vocabulary of God in regard to the infernal inventions of man which we proudly call our warships and over which we unfurl, with an impudence that is profound, the banner of democracy, the flag of freedom, the emblem of brotherhod.

Let us look with distrust, scrutinize with relentless integrity, this last movement in our midst to rehabilitate the soldier in times of peace, to lend a glamor to war in the minds of boys. Yesterday there was held a meeting to consider the feasibility of organizing the "Boy Scouts" among the boys of our public schools. I honor the men who are reported as being at the head of this movement. I can see as clearly as any one the advantages, physical and otherwise, that come from the rigid military discipline, the *esprit du corps* and the idealization that go with the regimen of a well ordered camp. But all these advantages are but trifles when compared with the incalculable injury done to the moral perspective of the boy, the false glamor it throws around an obsolete element in civilization, an outgrown function of society. Whatsoever is good in the military drill and discipline must be found in other ways. Surely in this age of pedagogy, child-study and psychology there must be a way of obtaining these advantages without lowering the moral standards, confusing the ethical judgment, giving to what is in danger of being a mockery and what is always a cheap heroism, the pre-eminence in the ideals of youth over the real heroism, the true valor of the modern man.

The war for the Union made manly women, and thereby increased and not decreased their womanliness. Let that war for the freedom of the slave also make womanly men, without cheapening their manliness. The man with a musket has had his day; let the girl he left behind him have her day. She and not he represents the ideals of the future, the heroism which is yet to be achieved.

The Tower Hill (Wis.) Summer School

Twenty-first Session, July 17—August 14, 1910

SYLLABUS OF STUDIES

I. THE FLOWERING OF CHRISTIANITY INTO UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

A Biographical study from Erasmus to Emerson. Daily Periods, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, from 11 a. m. to 12:15 p. m. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Leader.

The topics in black-faced type will be the subjects of lessons.

A. PROTESTANTISM; ORTHODOX CHRISTIANITY.

Erasmus, 1465-1536; **Luther,** 1483-1540; **Henry VIII,** 1491-1547; Melancthon, 1497-1560; **Calvin,** 1509-1564; **Knox,** 1505-1572; **The Puritans; Fox,** 1624-1691; Swedenborg, 1688-1772; **Wesley,** 1703-1791.

B. PROTESTANTISM; LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY—UNITARIANISM AND UNIVERSALISM.

Servetus, 1511-1553; **The Socini:** Laelius, 1525-1562; Faustus, 1539-1604; in Transylvania, **Francis David,** In Wales, Jenkin Jones; in England, Joseph Priestley, 1733-1804; in America, **William Ellery Channing,** 1780-1842; **Hosea Ballou,** 1771-1852; **Theodore Parker,** 1810-1860.

C. THE ENLARGEMENT BY SCIENCE.

Copernicus, 1473-1543; Sir Isaac Newton, 1642-1727; Sir Charles Lyell, 1797-1875; *Darwin,* 1809-1882.

D. THE ENLARGEMENT BY SKEPTICISM.

Voltaire, 1694-1778; Rousseau, 1712-1778; *Thomas Paine,* 1737-1809; Thomas Huxley, 1825-1895.

E. The Enlargement by Literature.
Shakespeare, 1564-1616; Goethe, 1749-1832; Shelley, 1792-1822; Wordsworth, 1770-1850; Whittier, 1807-1892; Browning, 1812-1889.

F. The Enlargement by Biblical Science; The Higher Criticism.
Hugo Grotius, 1583-1645; David F. Strauss, 1808-1874; George H. Ewald, 1803-1875; Renan, 1823-1892; Kuenen, 1828-1891.

G. The Enlargement by Comparative Study of Religion.
Sir William Jones, 1746-1794; Anquetil Du Perron, 1731-1805; Champollion, 1790-1832; Max Mueller, 1823-1901.

H. The Humanitarian Enlargement.
John Howard, 1726-1890; Samuel G. Howe, 1801-1876; Dorothea Dix, 1805-1887; Florence Nightingale, 1820-——; William Lloyd Garrison, 1805-1879; Henry Berg; Susan B. Anthony, 1820-1906; Clara Barton 1821——.

I. Socialistic Enlargement, Applied Christianity.
Robert Owen, 1801-1877; John Ruskin, 1819-1901; Henry George, 1839-1900; Lyof Tolstoy, 1828——.

J. The Amelioration of Dogma; The New Orthodoxy.
Bishop Colenso, 1814-1833; F. W. Robertson, 1816-1853; Horace Bushnell, 1802-1876; Henry Ward Beecher, 1813-1887; Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893.

K. Prophets of Universal Religion.
Immanuel Kant, 1724-1804; Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-1882; James Martineau, 1805-1900.

L. The New Catholicism; Gropings Toward Organization Across Denominational Lines.
(a) Orthodox—The Board of Foreign Missions, Young Men's Christian Association, Women's Christian Temperance Union, Christian Endeavor Societies.
(b) Liberal—Free Religious Associations, The Parliament of Religions, The Congress of Religion.

M. Conclusion and Home Application.

II. PROPHETS OF THE OPEN FAITH.
When preferred by the class, the following may be given as evening lectures:
(1) Servetus and the Martyrs; (2) Joseph Priestley; (3) William Ellery Channing; (4) Theodore Parker; (5) Lucretia Mott; (6) Charles Darwin; (7) James Martineau; (8) Ralph Waldo Emerson.

III. RECENT POETS GEOGRAPHICALLY CLASSIFIED.
Six Evening Readings by Mr. Jones.
(1) Poets of Canada; (2) Poets of Australia; (3) Poets of California; (4) Poets of the South; (5) Poets of the Middle West; (6) Anonymous and Obscure Poets.

IV. COMPOSITION WORK, ORAL AND WRITTEN.
A two-weeks' course in practical pedagogy to teachers, led by Miss Charity Dye, Teacher of English in the Indianapolis High Schools. All aspects of composition work considered. Local history, Story-telling, Literature, Life.

V. SUNDAY MEETINGS.
July 17. Opening Address by Mr. Jones, from Luther to Emerson.
July 31. Annual Grove Meeting. Forenoon and afternoon meetings, with picnic dinner. Speakers to be announced.
August 13 and 14. Meetings of The Woman's Congress. Program to be announced.

VI. THE TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT.
The above is an outline of the work of the four-weeks summer school, which is purposely left as open and elastic as possible, so as to secure to the attendants a real vacation.
The Encampment will be open for the twentieth season July 1, and continue open until September 20, and the life on the hill will be diversified with drives, picnics, social evenings, porch readings, etc., at the pleasure of the guests.

VII. THE ANNE MITCHELL LIBRARY.
A new feature on the Hill this year is the above attractive building, donated by a few friends under the leadership of Miss Bertha Howe of Welawiben. It is conveniently situated under the trees, midway between the dining hall and the Emerson pavilion. Miss Cordelia S. Kirkland has donated the nucleus of an attractive library, which is already augmented from other sources. This building contains the post-office and reading room. The ample screened porches make a delightful gathering place.

VIII. THE LOCATION AND HOW TO GET THERE.
Spring Green, on the Prairie du Chien division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, one hundred and eighty (180) miles from Chicago, is the freight, express and telegraph station. Day passenger trains during the summer season will stop at Helena (flag station) three miles east of Spring Green, shortening the distance and with better roads. Those wishing to reach the Hill with least delay should notify by letter in time for the buckboard to meet the train. Buy your tickets to Spring Green, and if you desire to get off at Helena, notify conductor. A livery at Spring Green is always accessible on short notice.
During the season mail should be addressed to Tower Hill, Wis.

IX. DESCRIPTION.
Tower Hill consists of sixty-five acres in the bluff country overlooking the Wisconsin river. It has its own waterworks and ice house, and telephone connection. A plentiful garden and adequate dairy in connection with the Jenkin Lloyd Jones farm, supply the table.

X. RATES.

Board per week	$ 5.00
Room in Long house	3.00
Rent of cottage for season	50.00
Transportation from station to camp	.50
Trunks	.50
Valises, etc.	.15
Round trip to station when seats are available	.25
Buckboard, when available, for five passengers or their equivalent, per hour	1.25
So far as the capacity of the laundry permits, washing will be done at usual schedule rates.	
Registration fee to summer school	5.00
Family ticket	7.00
To teachers taking Miss Charity Dye's two-weeks' course, including room, board, tuition and transportation to and from station	25.00

For further particulars address, until July 1, Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago. After that date, Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

AN ABALONE SHELL

The sun went down in fog to-night,
Dropped like a plummet in the bay;
Only the east was faintly bright,
While all the west was wide and gray.

The glories from the sky are stripped,
The long, smooth breakers meet the land,
Foam-stricken, gray-green, sullen lipped;
I hold the sunset in my hand.

—*Grace MacGowan Cooke.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITORS.....MRS. WM. KENT, MISS MARY E. HAWLEY

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, Wilson M. Backus, James A. Blaisdell, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Robert C. Denison, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Granville Ross Pike, William M. Salter, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin, Albion W. Small

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

A GERMAN PASTOR ON CREEDS.—Our good friend Pastor Gamper, the well-known liberal preacher of Dresden, sends a clipping from the *Dresdener Anzeiger* of April 5, containing some notes of a recent discourse of his on the question, Do we need a confession of faith? This was the ninth and concluding lecture in a course on the so-called Apostle's creed, which continues to be a subject of very vital interest in Germany because of the insistence on its acceptance as a test for ministerial candidates.

In his opening remarks, Pastor Gamper pointed out that every advance in the spiritual life of humanity had been won only at the cost of severe struggle, but when won had very quickly come to be taken as a matter of course. Such too would be the ultimate outcome of the effort to secure freedom of belief within the church in which one was born.

In the New Testament, to confess meant joyously, openly and fearlessly to testify by word and deed to a sincere, heartfelt belief in Jesus, that is in salvation through his God-consciousness. The confession in the beginning had nothing of the character of a formulated statement of doctrine. The tendency to such a formulation came later from the desire to guard against the insidious influence of pagan doctrine. So more and more confession was transformed from an expression of personal faith to acceptance of the dogmatic statements of the church.

While most of the ancient creeds and even those of the Reformation period are practically unknown to the present generation, the "Apostolicum" still remains the subject of discussion and controversy, chiefly because in most churches it forms the basis of religious instruction and of obligation in the most serious transactions. Monument of a long outgrown conception of the universe, it has no real significance to the thinkers of today. Baseless indeed is the clinging to this creed, for the expectations of its preserving and protecting force are continually disappointed. In the struggle against foes within and without, it is not holding fast to a creed that gives the church the victory, but spiritual and religious superiority. No creed can stem the spiritual currents in the advance of human knowledge; if the church wishes to keep in touch with spiritual development it must find room within itself for all religious tendencies. A binding creed is necessary only to the Roman Catholic church, which with its infallibility suppresses all personal freedom, and to sects that are concerned for their own narrow special dogmas.

All compulsion as to creed works untold harm. Totally unevangelical, it leads away from the one fresh source of our living faith, and deepening of the Christ-consciousness; by forcing upon them incredible doctrines it makes religious observances soul-torture or impossible to multitudes, and obliterates the truth that the only decisive confession is that which a man gives expression to through his *life*. An unavoidable consequence of this creed compulsion is the appalling amount of violence, dishonesty and artificiality in the treatment of religious things. In our young people we stultify their sense of truth, and cripple or slay, instead of stimulating, free spiritual development.

Not less disastrous, as Pastor Gamper points out, is the effect of creedal domination on the clergy, while worst of all is the fact that these doctrinal controversies and the fatal policy of the church are wasting so much of the energy that is urgently needed for higher tasks; such for instance as active efforts for the abolishing of war, furtherance of social work, and influencing the young.

This German pastor would have neither confirmation candidates nor pastoral ones compelled to the acceptance of any creed or dogma; for the former the expression of a sincere desire and purpose to live a worthy life, for the latter the pledge to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ according to protestant principles and to manifest its power in their life should be sufficient.

He believes in a strictly congregational church policy and that no outside authority should have power to override the wishes of the people as to the calling or dismissal of a pastor.

Quite a general discussion of the views expressed followed the conclusion of the discourse I have so meagerly outlined.

M. E. H.

LAUREL LEAVES

Illustrated by Bertha E. Jaques, Bertha L. Corbett and Other Artists.

1. The New Year. Horatio N. Powers.
2. Nature's Ministries (To a shut-in). Evelyn H. Walker.
3. Many Dear Things of His Providence. W. C. Gannett.
4. Thou Mindest Me of All Bright Things (To a young girl). Evelyn H. Walker.
5. From Wishing-Land (Wishes for her birthday). Robert Louis Stevenson.
6. Sunset and Afterglow (To one in the afternon of life). Evelyn H. Walker.
7. My Dead (For Consolation). F. L. Hosmer.
8. Flower Messengers (With a gift of flowers). Evelyn H. Walker.
9. Not by Appointment Do We Meet Delight and Joy. Gerald Massey.
10. Thy Birthday, Dear! Lilla T. Elder.
11. Love Be True to Her. (A wish.)
12. For a Marriage Day. Gerald Massey.
13. A Rosary (For lovers or friends). Owen Innsley.
14. The Assurance of Things Not Seen (For Easter). Evelyn H. Walker.
15. Behold a Friend. D. M.
16. Surprise (On immortality). Maltbie Babcock.
17. The Mothers. William C. Gannett.
18. The Little New Daughter.
19. A Christmas Wish. Evelyn H. Walker.
20. From Love to Love. (For a bride). Richard Watson Gilder.
21. Start and Goal. Christina Rosetti.
22. The Love of a Friend. Josephine Canning.
23. Borderland. Helen Field Fischer.

Plain, each ..... .05
Hand colored ..... .12
One dozen in box (your choice), postpaid $1.50

UNITY PUBLISHING CO.
Abraham Lincoln Centre
Chicago

Free Reading!

Unitarian Sermons sent free on application to MISS ELLEN A. CALL 35 Summer Street, Lawrence, Mass. ::

CARDS AND LEAFLETS

FOR SALE BY

UNITY PUBLISHING CO.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

Laurel Leaves

Illustrated by Bertha E. Jaques, Bertha L. Corbett and Other Artists.

1. The New Year.—Horatio N. Powers.
2. Nature's Ministries.—(To a shut-in). Evelyn H. Walker.
3. Many Dear Things of His Providence.—W. C. Gannett.
4. Thou Mindest Me of all Bright Things (To a young young girl).—Evelyn H. Walker.
5. From Wishing Land (Wishes for her birthday).—Robert Louis Stevenson.
6. Sunset and Afterglow (To one in the afternoon of life).—Evelyn H. Walker.
7. My Dead (For consolation).—F. L. Hosmer.
8. Flower Messengers (With a gift of flowers).—Evelyn H. Walker.
9. Not by Appointment Do We Meet Delight and Joy.—Gerald Massey.
10. Thy Birthday, Dear!—Lilla T. Elder.
11. Love be True to Her (A Wish).
12. For a Marriage Day.—Gerald Massey.
13. A Rosary (For lovers or friends).—Owen Innsley.
14. The Assurance of Things Not Seen (For Easter).—Evelyn H. Walker.
15. Behold a Friend.—D. M.
16. Surprise (On immortality).—Maltbie Babcock.
17. The Mothers.—William C. Gannett.
18. The Little New Daughter.
19. A Christmas Wish.—Evelyn H. Walker.
20. From Love to Love (For a Bride).—Richard Watson Gilder.
21. Start and Goal.—Christina Rossetti.
22. The Love of a Friend.—Josephine Canning.
23. Borderland.—Helen Field Fischer.
24. Tommy Tinker.—Helen Field Fischer.

Plain, each $0.05
Hand colored ..... .12
One dozen in box (your choice), postpaid..... 1.50

A New Leaflet

The Butterfly.—Alice Freeman Palmer.

Plain, with envelope $0.05
Hand colored ..... .12

Friendship Cards

Series 1.

Compiled by Evelyn H. Walker. Illustrated by Bertha E. Jaques, Eva E. Adams, Mabel C. Dibble and Other Artists.

1. I Dreamed of Paradise.—W. C. Gannett.
2. She Doeth Little Kindnesses.—Lowell.
3. Through Thee Alone the Sky is Arched.—Emerson.
4. But Love Shall Live Forevermore.—F. L. Hosmer.
5. Your Love Has Made My Life Seem Fair.—Algernon Tassin.
6. The Stars Come Nightly to the Sky.—John Burroughs.
7. While Thy Soul Lives Thy Friend is Thine.—Lucy Larcom.
8. If Friendship On Me Smile.—Emerson.
9. Wherever We Go, Love Goeth Too.—W. C. Gannett.
10. Blessing She Is.—Lowell.

Hand illuminated. Each..... 10 cents

Friendship Cards

Series 2.

Compiled by Frances L. Lester. Lettering and decoration by Bertha L. Corbett.

1. I Had a Friend.
2. But of Old Friends, etc.—Lowell.
3. The Joys of Friendship.—Rowe.
4. A New Deep-hearted Friend.—Hayne.
5. Old Friends.—George Eliot.
6. I Have Found a New Friend.—Crosby.
7. What a Thing Friendship Is!
8. My Soul is Fed by Such.—Burton.
9. But Friendship is the Breathing Rose.—Holmes.
10. Oh, the Comfort, etc.—Dinah Mulock.

Hand colored. Each..... 10 cents

Flower Messengers

Illustrated by Irene Jerome Hood.

1. Flower Messengers.—Evelyn H. Walker.
2. Did'st Thou, My Dandelion?
3. It is but a Daffodil!
4. Just a Head of Nodding Clover.—Juniata Stafford.
5. Sweet Brier.—William Byron Forbush.
6. The Water Lily.—M. F. Butts.
7. Who Plants a Flower.—W. Emmett Gatewood.
8. Flower in the Crannied Wall.—Tennyson.
9. The Buttercup.—Margaret Deland.
10. Spring Violets.—N. P. Willis.
11. The Rose.
12. Each Heart Knows Some Familiar Flower.—Priscilla Leonard.
13. Tell Her, Daisies!—Louisa Parsons Hopkins.
14. Sweet Pea.—M. F. Butts.
15. Pansies.—Ida Scott Taylor.
16. All a Daisy Has to Say.—Frederick Langbridge.
17. O Gentian Dear.
18. Forget-Me-Nots.—Ella Higginson.

For "place cards" or with flower gifts.
Hand colored. Each..... 10 cents

Miscellaneous Cards

1. Thank God for the Dear Ones Safe Today.—Margaret Sangster.
2. A Wish.—Margaret Sangster.
3. Wings.—Danske Dandridge.
4. The Duet.—John B. Tabb.
5. The Blue Bird.—John B. Tabb.
6. A Christmas Wish.—Evelyn H. Walker.
7. Love Be True To Her.
8. May Sun and Moon and Little Stars.—Evelyn H. Walker.
9. A Joy Within, A Hope Ahead (For Easter).—Evelyn H. Walker.

Hand colored. Each..... 10 cents

Friendship Place Cards

1 In Friendship ev'n Thought meets Thought.
2 A Friend to Help.
3 Faithfulness.
4 A Faithful Frende is a Strong Defence.
5 Friendship's the Privilege of Private Men.
6 Friend is a Word of Royal Tone.
7 Friends who Redeem our Negative Days.
8 Only Way to Have a Friend.
9 Memories in Common Endear our old Friends.
10 A Faithful Friend is Better than Gold.

Hand Colored. *Each,* 10 *cents*

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
Abraham Lincoln Centre
CHICAGO

PROCTOR ACADEMY

Andover, New Hampshire

A Unitarian School for both sexes. Tuition and Board $250 a year. Courses in Business and Domestic Science. College Certificate New Gymnasium. New Separate Dormitories.

Principal, Andover, New Hampshire

DRUGS BEST QUALITY COMPLETE STOCK
C. R. WALGREEN & CO.

Successors to W. G. Valentine
3900 Cottage Grove Ave.

FOR
ICE CREAM
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity telephone Oakland 290
Frozen Arts
743 East 43rd St.

KEISTER'S LADIES' TAILORING COLLEGE
MARIE BALLEW

Bush Temple of Music
800-808 N. CLARK STREET
Cor. Chicago Avenue

Oakland Music Hall Bldg.
3977 COTTAGE GROVE AVE.
Corner 40th Street

WRITE OR CALL

John I. Oswald, President and Treasurer Chas. F. Blakely, Vice President
James P. Kugler, Secretary

THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders

Telephone Main 2353 126-132 Market Street, Chicago

Bowman Dairy Company
Milk bottled in the country
Milk · Cream · Butter · Buttermilk
Do our wagons serve you?
Why not have the best?
4221-4229 State Street
Telephones at all division offices.
Evanston ·· Chicago ·· *Oak Park*

ESTABLISHED 38 YEARS

Athenaeum Business College

ADVISORY BOARD
Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D., LL.D. Bishop of Reformed Episcopal Ch
Thomas Estill, Commissioner Salvation Army fo the Western States
Rev. Abraham Hirschberg, Secretary of the Associated Jewish Charities of Chicago.
Rev. George W. Gray, D. D.
Charles A. Brillow, President Wabash Valley Coal Co.
James W. Howell, Attorney
W. D. Peck, R. A., Principal
Samuel B. Willey, LL.B., President

The School of Quality

18 to 26 VAN BUREN STREET
Wabash Ave.
CHICAGO

Phone Harrison 1110

DEPARTMENTS
1. Shorthand and Typewriting
2. Commercial
2. Preparatory
4. Teachers' Review
5. Railroad Freight Rates

TUITION RATES
$10 Per Month Payable in Advance
Night School, $4 Per Month

40Thousand Graduates

Young people qualified in our Shorthand and Business departments in the shortest possible time for positions that pay at once from $25 to $60 per month. Individual instruction. Enter at any time. Day and night sessions. Call, write, or phone Harrison 1110 for catalogue. Positions for graduates; 38 years of uninterrupted success.

BERNET & CO.
Phone Douglas 1136
Fine Residence Work Especially
Electricians and Locksmiths
3975 Cottage Grove Ave.

FONGER'S SANITARY BAKERY
Shop and Ovens in rear of store. Your inspection invited.
3852 Cottage Grove Ave.,
Phone Douglas 5962

CLARK-LYON COMPANY
Successors to W. D. Clark & Co.
Fine Groceries and Meats
3917-19 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE.

St. Louis

VIA THE

ILLINOIS CENTRAL
CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ROUTE
RAILROAD

10:02 A.M. 10:15 P.M.
FROM CHICAGO
DAYLIGHT AND DIAMOND SPECIALS
By Way of Spingfield

Buffet-club cars, complete dining cars, parlor cars, drawing-room and buffet sleeping cars, reclining chair cars.

Through tickets, rates, etc., of I. C. R. R. agents and those of connecting lines.

A. H. HANSON, Pass'r Traf. Mgr. Chicago.
S. G. HATCH, Gen'l Pass'r Agent Chicago.

HAND SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH

Delicate enough for the softest skin, and yet efficacious in removing any stain. Keeps the skin in perfect condition. In the bath gives all the desirable after-effects of a Turkish bath. It should be on every washstand.

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
'Phone Oakland 78. 192 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

PRINTING

We solicit the patronage of all those requiring First-Class Printing and Engraving at reasonable prices : : : :

Oakland Printing House 161 East 39th Street Phone Doug. 4305

J. H. CRAWFORD
Well Selected Stock of
SPORTING GOODS
Base Balls, Ball Bats, Gloves, Masks, Golf Balls, Tennis Rackets, Tennis Balls, Fishing Tackle, Roller Skates, Marbles.

Newspapers, Periodicals and the Latest New Books Bound and in Pamphlet Form.

FRESH CONFECTIONERY.

3950 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE.
Two Doors South of Oakwood Boulevard

Robert Patrick Plumbing Co.
STEAM & HOT WATER HEATING
Plumbing and Heating Contractors
Estimates Furnished Phone Douglas 3440 3960 COTTAGE GROVE AVE.

Ideal Cream
For Chapped and Rough Skin
Prepared by
WILLIAM F. DATZ, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST
N. E. Cor. 39th St. and Vincennes Ave.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM COAL DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards
1047 W. Thirty-Fifth St. CHICAGO

South Side State Bank

COR. 43rd ST. AND COTTAGE GROVE AVE.

Capital $200,000

A State Bank with Streng Directorate and Responsible Stockholders. 3 per cent Interest o Savings. Your Account Invited.

DIRECTORS.

C. H. Randle.....Capitalist
George B. Robbins.....Pres. Armour Car Lines
Nate R. Salsbury.....Capitalist
Isaac N. Powell.....Treasurer City of Chicago
John Cheshire.....Cheshire & Shotwell
O. F. Schmidt.....Pres. Security Vault Co.
Wm. Hardy.....Cashier
F. A. Randle.....Vice-President
H. W. Mahan.....President

Don't Pay Fancy Prices for Butter

BUT-O-NUT PEANUT BUTTER
Is better than the best and goes twice as far.

So called cheap butter at all, but BUT-O-NUT PEANUT BUTTER is absolutely reliable, pure and wholesome. It is made of pure ground Spanish Peanuts, grown in America, and the best in the world. Come and see it made. Hundreds of dainty dishes are made from it.

Try It Free Write today for Free Sample Jar. We will send it by return mail together with our But-O-Nut Cook Book which is full of valuable recipes. Write today.

QUALITY BUT-O-NUT PURITY
PEANUT BUTTER
CHICAGO PURE FOOD CO.

CHICAGO PURE FOOD CO.
214-216 S. Water St., Chicago

4647 Grand Boulevard
Phone Oakland 319

Muir CHICAGO ESTABLISHED 1865

Flowers
FOR ALL OCCASIONS

3530 Michigan Avenue
Phone Douglas 319-338

H. ZEISS
Ladies Tailor

1418 E. 47th Street
Chicago

Phone Oakland 1269

HAVE YOU BEEN INTRODUCED TO FLOORSHINE?

NO!—Then you have something coming that spells dollars and satisfaction.

When you buy genuine floorshine, you are absolutely sure of getting the best varnish made; use it where there is the most wear, and it will prove itself superior to any other make; we manufacture and sell the best varnishes for all purposes; they go the farthest and last the longest, and will save you money by using them.

Ask your dealer for United States Varnish Co.'s Goods; if your dealer does not keep them, write to us for our price list and catalog, mentioning your local dealer's name and address, and your inquiry shall have our prompt attention.

Insist on getting goods made by

U. S. VARNISH COMPANY

1733 N. 43rd Avenue, - - - Chicago, Illinois

To test the value of Unity as an advertising medium for our line of business we have bought the use of this space and we wish to assure its readers that if we are given an opportunity to submit estimates for work in our line, either repairs or new, we will more than meet your expectations.

We employ none but skilled mechanics who do nothing but lay and finish floors.

Kenwood Parquet Floor Co.

E. A. Davis, Proprietor.

Phone Oakland 2320 4703 Cottage Grove Avenue

MADE OF CREAM

Thompson's Ice Cream

WE CATER PARTICULARLY TO SCHOOLS,
CHURCHES, LODGES, FAMILIES, ETC.

Phone Oakland 1177 43rd and Evans

ADVANCE ROOFING AND SHEET METAL WORKS

INCORPORATED

Frank R. Prieve, President
4821 COTTAGE GROVE AVE
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

By the best tests— it tests the best

WANZER'S GERM—NO MILK

Chemists approve it.
Doctors prescribe it.
Children want it.

SIDNEY WANZER & SONS

19 - 21 E. 30th St. Phone Douglas 817

6313-6315 Kimbark Ave. Phone Hyde Park 207